SOME NEW BOOKS

Under the title of The Early Days of Chris-

The Early Days of Christianity.

fignity (E. P. Dutton & Co.), Canon FARRAR has given us a companion treatise to his "Life of Baint Paul." The two books taken together aim, by concentrating upon the writings of the Apostics and Evangelists such light as may be derived from modern criticism and the independent study of Jewish, Pagan, and Christian authors, to convey some conception of the varieties of religious thought and teaching which prevailed in the schools of Jerusalem and Alexandria, and in other centres of primitive Christianity. In his selection of readings-a difficulty which the student of the New Testament encounters on the threshold of his inquiry
-the author's choice will be found to coincide In most instances with that of the revisers of the New Testament, for the reason, as he tells us, that he was guided by the same principles. As to the many questions touch-ing the authenticity and significance of certain documents included in the New Testament canon, which have been raised by Strauss, Baur, Renan, and others, Canon Farrar takes as we should expect, the orthodox side. He asserts the genuineness not only of each of the three epistles attributed to St. John, but also of the Apocalypse, and has no doubt that the so-called Epistic of James was penned by James the brother of Jesus, or that the Epistic of Jude emanated from Jude, another of the Lord's brethren. He maintains the authentic ity of the two epistles ascribed to Peter, though he admits that the external evidence in favor of the second opistle is extremely weak. On the other hand he denies categorically that to the Hebrews was written by St. Paul, and, after considering and discussing the theories which have assigned it to Aquilla, Titus, Silas, Barnabas, Clemens, Mark, and Luke, inclines strongly to the opinion that the author was Apollos-a suggestion originally made by Luther.

It is a hold and arduous undertaking at the present stage of Biblical scholarship to assert the correctness of the tradition which makes St. John the author of the Apocalypse, and at the same time to offer a lucid and coherent in terpretation of that cryptographic document osity to the chapters devoted to this subject. We regret to say that the objections to the genuineness of the book are not stated with the fulness or refuted with the cogency which we look for from Canon Farrar. As to the internal evidence, supplied by a comparison of the Apocalypse with the Gospel and Epistles attributed to the same apostle, Canon Farrar admits that at the first glance it would seem impossible to maintain that writings so different could have come from the same hand. He acknowledges that the Apocalypse is an expression of Judaic Christianity, while the Gospel and Epistles are not. Conceding, as he does, that the points of contrast are more saliant than the resemblances, he can only avoid the natural inference of distinct authorship, by insisting that while the fourth Gospel and the Book of Revelation could never have proceeded simultaneously from the same mind, yet both are the products of different epochs in the same man's life, divided from each other by nearly a quarter of a century. He contends that the Apocalypse was written by St. John soon after" the blood-stained horrors of the Nenian persecution," and amid "the throbbing agonies of the Jewish war," which culminated in the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, But in order to sustain this hypothesis, by which alone, as he confesses, the plain drift of the internal evidence supplied by the writings themselves can be withstood, he is obliged to deal very rudely with the external testimony touching the date and authorship of Revelation. Irenœus avers dis that the Apocalypse was written toward the close of the reign of Domitian, and his authority was accepted by St. Jerome. None of the commentators on the book, who have placed the date of the Apoenlypse in the reign of Nero, carry with them so much weight as the Bishop of Lyons, and Canon Farrar finds himself driven to explain away the categorical affirmance of Irenaus in various unsatisfactory ways-as, for example, that St. John himself may have been guilty of a slip of memory in making the statement in the first instance. Yet we read on page 408: "We cannot accept a dubious expression of the Bishop of overwhelming weight of evidence, altke exter nal and internal, in proof of the fact that the Apocalypse was written, at the latest, soon after the death of Nero." The simple truth is that the irreconcilable differences between the Apocalypse and the fourth Gospel are perfectly explicable on the hypothesis that Irenaus was correct as to the date, and that the two books proceeded from different hands-and by no

It is curious that the same writer, who defends so stubbornly, though so ineffectually, the orthodox opinion regarding the date and authorship of the Apocalypse, should admit se frankly that the science of comparative criti-cism "has made it little short of certain that the Epistle to the Hebrows was not written by St. Paul," With an amusing unconsciousness of the propensity he has himself exhibited in connection with another book, he declares sax "the custined ascertis of the Patients and the politic which the politic was also designed to t "the continued assertion of the Pauline authorship shows but too plainly to what an extent the manifness of criticism can be be-

Peter's, but that they may or may not be gor-

rectly expressed.

Canon Farrar accepts the genuineness of the Second and Third Epistles of John, though the Syrian Church did not acknowledge them, and many of the fathers, including Origen and Eusebius, ranked them among the disputes books of the Canon. St. Jerome says that there were many who assigned them to the authorship, not of the Apostle John, but of John the Presbyter, and the same opinion was expressed by Erasmus and Grotlus, and has been maintained by some later scholars. In an excursus, Canon Farrar has endeavored to refute this notion by demonstrating that there never was such a person as John the Presbyter, in contradistinction from John the Apostle. The two he thinks were one,

James there is some doubt; but it is especially the authorship which has been the subject of dispute. Clement of Alexandria, though he wrote on the Catholic Epistics, does not appear to have known it, and Tertulian is silent about it. It is not mentioned in the Muratorian Canon, and it is rejected by Theodore of Mop suestia. On the other hand, the Syrian Church undoubtedly received it early, yet it was no until the fourth century that it was generally accepted by the Greek and Latin churches, and It was first placed in the Canon by the Council of Carthage in A. D. 397. Luther took a contemptuous view of this Epistic, calling it a "veritable straw-epistic" when comparing it with St. Paul's letters, and declared that he 'accounted it to be no apostle's writing. Erasmus, Grotius, Schleiermacher, De Witte Rouss, Bauer, Schwiegler, Davidson, and many Farrar, however, insists on trenting it as the work of James, the Lord's brother, and sets forth his reasons at considerable length, omitting to state, however, in anything like proper detail the grounds of the objection raised against the orthodox theory. He also roclaims the authenticity of the Epistle of St. Jude, although it is missing in the Poshite Syriae version, was ranked by Eusebius among the disputed books, and, as St. Jerome tells up was rejected by most men in his day. The Jude who, according to the orthodox belief, was the author of this Epistic, was not, we need scarcely say, one of the twelve Apostles, but one of the four brothers of Jesus, who, as the Gospel narrative discloses, refused to believe in the divine mission of Christ during his lifetime, but were converted after the resurrection. Tradition is almost wholly silent about this brother of Jesus, and the only story in which his name occurs is one preserved in Eusebius, and quoted by Canon Farrar. According to this legend, Domitian's jealous; was excited by rumors that some of the earth family of Him whom Christians adored as the King of the Universe were still living in Palestine. Prophecies about the advent

of the great kingdom, which was to take its rise in the East, had been prevalent in the days of Nero, and were not entirely set at rest by the elevation of Vespasian to the empire from the command of the army in Syria. Rendered nervous and timid by the consciousness of his manifold crimes. Domitian determined to inquire into the matter, and ordered some of these "Relations of the Lord," as they were called by their co-religionists, to be brought into his presence. They were grandsons of Jude, the brother of the James who, after the martyrdom of James, the son of Zebedee, became Bishop of Jerusalem, and they were therefore, grandnephews of Christ. But when Domitian ascertained that they only possessed a few seres of land, and saw that they held no higher rank than that of other peasants of Palestine, and that their hands were born; with daily labor, he dismissed them to their humble homes unharmed and with disdain. It seems to us that the most valuable part of

Canon Farrar's book is not the controversial

portion, in which he seems to feel constrained by his position in the Anglican Church to de-

fend the genuineness and sacred character of certain documents, whose right to figure in the Scriptural canon has been strenuously disputed. He is far more satisfactory in the first four chapters, which present a remarkably clear and striking view of the social condition of Roman society in the age of Nero, who, according to the hypothesis accepted by the author was the Antichrist of the Apocalypse. For breadth and accuracy of scholarship, for the insight and imaginative power which enable a painter or a writer to resuscitate the past, his Lyons as adequate to set aside an picture of Roman life at the era when Paul the most admirable work of Renan in the same field. One cannot help tracing in certain lines of the impressive photograph a parallel to the as-thetic extravagances of our own day, coupled now, as like hyper-refinements were then, with the most brutalizing realistic tendencies. He dilates upon the frightful enormities perpetrated in the persecution of the Christians under Nero, when, as we know on unimpeacha ble authority, young girls, disguised in the skins of bears or wolves, were torn to pieces and devoured by famished dogs; while men. tied to stakes and drenched with pitch, were et on fire and made to serve as ghastly torchlights in the imperial gardens. Canon Farrar points out that the specific atrocity of such spectacles, unknown to the earlier ages which contemporaries of Noro and Sen barbarous, was due to the cold-blooded selfishness, the hideous realism of a super-refined delicate, methetic age. To please these de banched dandles and sanguinary conneisseurs

him, cherished his memory, and, in a hideour antagonism to the hopes of Christians, longer for and prophesied his return.

A New Life of Sterne.

In the sketch of Laurence Sterne which Mr. H. D. TRAILL has prepared for the collection of "English Men of Letters," we have one of the most successful essays in criticism which have appeared in the series, while in the concise biography are included all the really valuable materials amassed by Mr. Percy Fitz gerald in his voluminous work. There is no man who enjoyed an equal literary reputation in the last century about whom we know so little, for the reason that Sterne's life was an becare one up to the age of forty-seven, wher he acquired fame at one bound by the publicaion of the first two volumes of "Tristran Shandy." He lived but eight years afterward and, partly because much of this period was spent out of England and partly because in the multitude of his drawing-room admirers he made very few friends, there is very little information relating to him to be gleaned from the memoirs and letters of the time. We are in fact, almost exclusively dependent for our owledge of the incidents of his life between 1713 and 1760 on the outline of an autobiography which he drew up for the benefit of his daughter, and nearly all the light we have on his cears of literary distinction and activity is derived from his own letters, a compilation of which was published by his daughter after his death. The surprising literary phenomenon in the case of Sterne is the fact that his artistic aculty burst all at once into splendid flower at an age when most men have either disciplined r tested their powers of composition by recoated experiment, or have given up the hought of doing so. But Sterne is not known o have written so much as a sentence or a line chich exhibits any foregleams of the admiraqualities which sparkle and captivate in the introductory volumes of "Tristram Shandy." There is certainly no trace of them in the sermons which Sterne is known to have written before 1760, and which were published with a view of speculating on public curiosity; where as the sermons which were written after the eginning of the Shandean epoch bear unmistakable signs of the artist's hand.

Laurence Sterne was the great-grandson of an Archbishop of York, and his paternal grand-father married a Yorkshire heiress, but his father, Roger Sterne, the youngest son of that union was a poor subaltern in a marching regiment, who married a sutler's daughter, and spent his life following the drum. It was one of his father's brothers, who had received a larger share of the maternal estate, that assumed the cost of educating the boy Laurence, and sent him first to Halifax grammar school, and af-terward to Jesus Coilege, Cambridge, where, by reason of his descent, he presently obtained a scholarship founded by his great-grandknow next to nothing, and we are almost as im perfectly informed regarding the twenty years, which he spent in Yorkshire, where, through the favor of another unele, who had become Archdencon of York, he re-ceived several small preferments. It is plain ough, however, from data which he himself has furnished, that he lived unhapply with his wife, having begun soon after marriage to indulge the propensity to philandering and flirtation for which he was notorious to the last, and of which there are abundant indications in his writings. He contrived also to render himself extremely obnoxious to his respectable neighbors; for although the average level of clerical decorum was not high a hundred years ago, Sterne fell considerably below it, and his choice of companions and genera mode of life gave occasion for much seandal Although the Rev. Mr. Yorick was believed by his London readers to be a counterpart of the Rev. Laurence Sterne, the latter's parishioners would certainly have failed to recognize

On the other hand, there is no doubt that the author of "Tristram Shandy" gained in the metropolis a literary triumph which for suddenness and brilliancy can only be compared to that obtained by the writer of "Childe Harold." Sterne became, in the strict sense, a lion
—an object of intense curiosity and indiscrimnate admiration-and although the relish for his writings, which was at first by no means merits, began to flag when the fifth and sixth vol-umes of the long Shandean chronicle appeared. yet it was to some extent revived by the last two volumes, containing the episode of Uncle by and the Widow Wadman, so that th leonine epoch of Sterne's career, during which he had more than his share of adulation, lasted as long as did his life. Indeed the inimitable Mr. Sterne was still a favorite topic of onversation in the spring of 1768, when, in his London lodgings, supported by a hired nurse, and under the inquisitive eyes of a fashionable friend's footman, he breathed his last. According to one tradition, which there seems to be no reason to reject, the hands which composed his limbs remunerated themselves by abstracting the gold sleeve links from the dead man's wrist; and there is another shocking story, which the present biographer is searcely disposed to discredit, to the effect that his remains which were attended to the grave by only two mourners, and were consigned to a burying ground near Tyburn were stolen by and snatchers, and by them disposed of to he professor of anatomy at Cambridge,

the portrait.

In his critical estimate of Storne as a writer, Mr. Traill calls attention to the extent of his

broad and deep humor of this central concer-tion of centrast innumerable rills of comedy flow as from a headwater. But his view is that in Toby Shandy alone Sterne's humor reacties the supreme level which man's genius is only capable of attaining when the collision of con-trasted qualities in a human character pro-duces a corresponding conflict of emotions of mirth and tenderness in the minds of those who contemplate it.

duces a corresponding conflict of emotions of mirth and tenderness in the minds of those who contemplate it.

Sterne prided bimself more highly upon his power over the emotion of pity than upon any other of his gifts, and preferred to think of himself not as a great wit or humorist (indeed, he would never have used the latter word in its modern sense), but as a great sentimentalist, using the latter word not with any depreciatory meaning but in the sense of "a master of pathes." Mr. Traili does not dispute the justice of Thackeray's dictum that much of Sterne's deliberately pathetic writing is from an artistic point of view. a failure. He thinks the sum of the whole matter is that the self-conscious sentiment on which Sterne particularly prided himself, the acute rensbillities which he regarded with such complacency, were the weakness and not the strength of his pathetic style. His pathos, on the other hand, was strong and real when he forgot to loree his own personality on the reader's notice.

"When," says the biographer, "Sterne the artist is uppermost, when he is allowing his subtle and tender humor to play upon them unrestrained, he can touch the springs of compassionate emotion in us with a potent and unerring land. But when Sterne the man is uppermost, when he is locking inward, and not outward, contemplating his own feelings, instead of those of his personages, his cunning fails him altogether."

Touching the held of Sterne's creations upon posterity, Mr. Traili acknowledges that his audience has become quite small, smaller, for example, than that which Swift and Fielding still command. In our generation "Gulliver's Travels' and Tom Jones' find more readers than "Tristram Shandy." But Mr. Traili cannot bring himself to believe that Sterne will ever be consigned to the dusty solitude to which the once admired Richardson has been relegated. He finds an imperishable element in Steroe's humor, and cannot admit that a charm which those who still feel it feel so keenly will ever entirely cease to captivate.

Outlines of Ancient History

The marked improvement effected in the scope and quality of manuals designed for the use of schools is one of the most striking features of the literary activity of our time. The books for young students are often pre-pared by men of remarkable attainments and unquestioned authority in their particular fields of research, and the average level of this kind of composition has thus been raised so high that the joinne and defective treatises of twenty years ago would now be looked upon with surprise and derision. The extent and importance of the change wrought in this direction will become at once apparent, if we compare any historical compendium employed by the last generation of school teachers with the Outlines of Ancient History, by P. V. N. Myens (Harpers). It is not easy to underrate the difficulty of providing the young student with a succinct historical handbook which shall overlook none of the established results of modern discovery and criticism, but which at the same time shall avoid reproducing any of the specious solutions of historical problems which, although recommended by great names, must be still described as more conjectures and hypotheses. It is perhaps scarcely possible to execute such a task without failing into some errors of detail, but the success of Mr. Myers must be pronounced highly credita-ble, and we have no doubt that his book will be heartily welcomed in schools and colleges. Among the merits of this book will be speciall remarked the space given to the history of Egypt, and to that of the old Chaldean civilization as well as of the Assyrian empire and of the later Babylonian monarchy. The chapters on the early history of Greece, and on the primi-tive distribution and relation of races and tribes in the Italian peninsula, attest an adequate knowledge of the conclusions reached by mod-ern ethnologists and philologists. His estimates of the achievements and influence of Alexander, of Hannibal's military genius, and of the many-sided intellectual greatness of Cresar, express in a concise way the prevailing views of scholars, and his account of the Greek and Roman literatures is a sufficiently faithful reflex of orthodox opinion.

For the very reason, however, that this book deserves to be treated seriously, it may be well to point out a few defects which may easily be cor-rected in a subsequent edition. In the first place, it seems to us that a book of this kind should have included some reference to the ancient civilizations of other countries besides those in immediate proximity to the Mediterranean basin. When will our school books recognize that China and India have their ancient histories to say nothing of Japan and the Annamite peninsula? This act of omission the author would doubtless explain by saying that these countries lay beyond the horizon of the world from which our own civilization has been derived. But even if complete isolation would justify silence—an admission we are by no means disposed to make—it cannot be denied that India was brought into direct relation with Melitorranean countries, first by the commercial routes that followed the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, and subsequently by the conquests made by the Persian Kings in the Punjab, and repeated by Alexander. In the chapters devoted to Egypt, the high de-gree of civilization exhibited in the works of the Fourth Dynasty is rendered completely unintelligible by placing the era of Menes, the legen dary founder of the empire, as late as B. C. 2700. The author's selection of this date is the more unaccountable because, on a previous page, he recognizes the fact that the constantly growing evidence of the monuments is in favor of the higher figures preferred by Boekh, Unger, Mariette, and Lenormant. Why, then, should

was acknowledged to have the legal right, even though he might lack the physical force to gov-ern all the countries that had once been Roman

Poems by Theodore Tilton.

It is an interesting and to English readers little known repository of tradition, legend and folk fore of which some glimpses are offered us by Mr. THEODORE TILTON in a collection of ballads entitled Sicabian Stories (Worth ington). We need not say that Swabia, the classic land of the Hohenstaufens and the Minnesingers, had absorbed so deeply the Roman civilization that it blossomed forth with a culture and refinement of its own as early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the northern and eastern parts of Germany had searcely emerged from barbarism. The era indeed, of the Hohenstaufens was the golder age of Swabia, for in the later middle ages, as well as in modern times, it has failed to play an equally splendid and important rôle in the history of the Fatherland. It is natural, therefoce, that the records and echoes of its brilliant past should be cherished with peculiar fervor past should be cherished with peculiar fervor by a people who have no special reason to be proud of the name of Wurtembergers, but who proclaim with a flush of genuine enthusiasm their Swabian descent. It is the traditional heroes, the national legends, and the folk songs of Swabia to which the English reader has hitherto gained access only through transla-tions of Uhland and Wieland, that Mr. Tilton

songs of Swabia to which the English reader has hitherto gained access only through translations of Uhland and Wieland, that Mr. Tilton has undertaken to recount in verse.

But while Mr. Tilton's choice of themes has been felicitous, we cannot regard his treatment of them as remarkably effective. Not only are there no striking lines in this volume, no 'jewels five words long'—it might be said that epigrammatic neatness and sparkle are out of place in baliad poetry—but his longer narrative poems, the "Silver Beil of Stuttgart." the Fate of Frishlin," and the 'Ass of Hohen Neufen," strike us as wanting in the vigor, color, and animation with which similar legends would be presented by the German masters of narrative verse. It seems to us that Mr. Tilton is at times a little slipshed, a little proix, a little dull; while as for the so-called "komance of the Rothenberg," which recounts the conjugal affection entertained for his first wife by the eminently commonplace king of Wurtemberg, who died some twenty years ago, the story has no claim to be described as a romance, much less to be included in a collection of Swabian legends and traditions. But while any honest commendation of these poems must be thus qualified, we hasten to add that many of them are well worth reading, and that now and then the author has caught the delighthi simplicity of Uhland's manner. We wish that he had also been able to infuse certain of his ballads, which seem to call for such treatment, with the strange weirdness and remoteness by which Uhland laid such a potent spell on the reader's imagination.

Most of the poems in this volume are too long to quote in full, and to offer excerpts would do injustice to metrical narratives of the ballad type, which alm to please by their general effect, and not by carefully wrought beauties of individual phrase or epithet. There are, however, two or three of the shorter poems which might be laid before the reader. Here, for instance, is one which is put into the mouth of Gottfried's lars which has com

Not only in my lady's eyes

Do I her beauty find,
But all the lore that poets prize
Is garnered in her mind.

She is the soul of all I sing.
For though to me belong
The pipe, the shell, the chorded string.
She is herself the song.

111. There is no wisdom in my word,

Nor music in my lay,
Save what I have more sweetly heard

My lady sing or say.

She gazeth at the flower and star,
And reads the in their looks.
A mystic meaning deeper far
Than any writ in books.

I often to my love have read The bards of elden times, And then some happy word she said Outrivalled all their rhymes.

¥1. She is so fair, she is so wise, She is se pure in thought— She seems in angel of the skies Whom I have snared and caught.

She loves me with a love so true.
It never can be told—
A love like love when love was new,
Before the earth grew old.

TIII. O never yet such lovers were, And never more shall be. For I sat all the world to her, She, all the world to me!

A handsome little manual is Jean Ingelow's "Birth Day Book," (Boberte) words up of extracts from her writings, giving a passage to each day of the year, with blank sleets for memoranda and notes. The fluc-trations are charming. The portrait of the author shows a healthy, homely woman, apparently forty years old.
That excellent series, Epochs of Modern History' (Seribuers) is continued with the history of Edward the Third, by the Rev. W. Warburton.

Third, by the Rev. W. Warburton.

The Norse mythology is used with effect by Mr. James
Baldwin in the "Story of Siegfried" (Scribners). The
legend is derived from the Eddas and Sagas of Iceland and the Niebelungen epic of Germany. It is told with

spirit, and I surifully illustrated.

Nr. Lecuard Wheeler has published a volume containing besides a number of somets, a poem cutitled. Erothanatos. (Melancholy Club, a chant of love and death. Mr. Wheeler has plenty of talent and a good knack a versincation. We subjoin as a specimen one of the so nets which occupy part of the little volume:

nets which occupy part of the little volume:

O, pure heart sings of the human frame
Divine, whose possed distinus centred
Of slavish bonds! each poon is a soul
Incarnate bern of thee and given thy name.
Thy genius is unshackled as a flame.
That smaller and sours, the central light its goal;
This thoughts are lightnings and thy numbers roll
In nature's thunders that put art to shame.
Exarter of the land that gave thee birth.
Though she ment thy grand gray years with wrong
Of intainy, foul branching the with sours
Of felon hate, still shall thou be on earth
Revered, and in Fame's franching of song
Thy name shall blaze among the eternal stars!
No American action has alled in modern interface.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Rest.

Out from the great world's crush and din; Out from the pain, and wrong, and sin; Out from ambition's cruel strife; Out from ambition's cruel strife Again, a child, he lay at rest, In holy peace on his mother's breast Her gentle hand toyed in his hair;
Her sweet, d'ar voice dispelled his care;
Het loving eyes ghed light divine;
Her very presence made a shrine;
His throbbing acteries ceased to teem;
The madding world a sad, past dream;
Again, a child, he lay at rest,
In holy peace on his mother's breast.

Angus.

The Girls.

From the Pioneer-Register.

Hear the langiter of the girls—
Pretty girls.

What a fund of merriment tach ruby lip unfuris t
How they citatter, chatter, chatter,
In the batiny sir of night
While the start that over spatter
All the heavens hear their clatter
To the thitmabulation that, unceasing, ever purls
From the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls.

From the wild, capricious, sauct, insuty girls.

See the firting of the girls.

See the firting of the girls.

See the firting of the girls,
Radiant girls!

How the lover's softened brain wildly whirls
Through the mages of the ball,
Up and down the stately hall!
How he skips to and fro:
And perspires!

Would that we could tell the diot all we know
Of the fires
Into which the faise once hur!
Each new whim—see the flame—how it swirls!

Each new whim—see the flame—how it swirls?
How it curls?
Better far that they were churls,
Than fall victims to the girls;
To the prattle and the rattle
Of the girls, girls, girls,
Of the girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls,
To the sacking and heart racking of the girls?

How he Lost his Love. 1.-THE BA CRAG.

Adown the grass grown path we wandered, To where the erag o'erhods the sea. And many a thought in silence pondered Of things o'erpast and things to be. Before us stretched the mighty occun; A ledge of granite formed our seat; The restless waves, with rhythmic motion, Plasted murnuring at our very feet.

The sun's warm rays were eastward glancing. The wild, free waves were sparkling bright. It was, in sooth, a scene entrancing. Of peaceful, pure, and calm delight.

The magic spell by nature wielded My will was powerless to control-Full soon I to the influence yielded That o'er my heart resistless stole I waiked in fancy fields Blysian, My days of young romance came back, And, rapt in bestife vision. I seemed to tread a heaven-lit track,

I breathed the language of devotion the poet's fire I made my own.

And all his fore of rapt emotion Interpreted in every tone.

With downcast look my charmer listened— The sweet face mirroring the soul— Or raised those ords, with light that glistened, To mark the waves majestic roll,

We watched, in silence all unbroken.
The moon, slow rising in aclipse.
And much I tonged to press a token
Of love upon my dear one's lips. The wealth of worlds I would have given Her yloided hand in mine to clasp— White as the snowflake tempest-driven— And feel it tremble in my grasp.

The sacred sign of man's salvation On the fair breast—I marked it well, As with that becom's respiration The hallowed symbol rose and fell.

To me, alas! no hopeful vision Enhaloed cound that cross of gold— I only saw, with sad precision. How wide a gulf between us rolled.

For she who at a separate altar— A grander faith's majestic shrine— In worship knelt, would surely faiter When asked to link her fate with mine. How could she vow to love and honor A wanderer from the one true foid? How draw her Church's frown upon her How bloom 'mid our negations cold?

III.—THE PARTIES.

Too soon it came—the hour of parting—And downward to the hearh we strayed;
But in each eye no leardrop starting
The tumuit of our souls betrayed.

No kiss upon her lips I printed.
I flung no arm around her waist,
No thery word of passion hinted.
Nor clasped her form in wild embrace.

A caim farewell—a gentle pressure Of hands in mutual class that met— And so I parted from my ireasure; Ab me! that hour can I forget!

Of all but her I loved scarce heeding, Alloard the waiting skiff I stept, That instant from the white strand speeding Swift o'er the glassy waters swept. And as, in sadness deep and utter, Toward the lessening isle I gazed, I marked her snowy kerchief's flutter, Aloft in sign of farewell reised.

Twice—thrice it waved and then its gleaming Forever faded from my sight: 'Twas o'er, my brief, sweet hour of dreaming, With all its raptured visious bright.

Slow is the painful ascent up to fame.
And few the feet that clamber to the height;
Ambitious througs press at the mountain's base,
Filled with the love of glovy; and the path
That shines above them in the morning inght Seeins beautiful, nor difficult to scale.

But further on, a little higher up.
The easy slope grows broken, and so steep
That earleise fort slip back and lose their hole
And diazy brains ree flowing and and are lost.
And they brain ree flowing and and are lost.
A little higher, stand with weary limits
And arching hearts, just near council to hear
The sugers and hisses of the crowd below—
The angry crowd that cannot climb at all,
Or, having climbed, has fallen back again. Half way they stand upon that mountain side Where cold winds blow and hoose rocks crumble And strange birds beat them with their wide, w No longer of the harrying throng beneath, Not yet of that humorial few above. How lonely and how all alone are they?

How lonely and how all alone are tory.

Be not afraid, 0 follers up the height!

The gods are very near, though out of sight;

They reach out helpful bands and say "come higher."

All carnest souls must climb if they aspire.

ELLA WREELER.

The Miner's Protege.

From the Patteburgh Labor Pribune.

Wel, you see, it's aqueer story. Missy;
The little gal's none of our kin;
But, you het, when the old men go under,
she's the one who will handle our tin.
We part an me's rough minn; fellers,
We we got mary children nor wife.
But we love little yellow harred Nellie,
Au' we'll rear her up right—bet yer life.

An well rear for up right—bet yer infe.
How old? Wal, she's night S. I reackon;
Five years stines we brought her out here;
We d looked at for many a year.
You see, twas the rime the aboutes.
Broke on: Elast the red imposts sin!
The entigrant train crossed their trail. Miss,
An the bijuins they scooped 'em all in.

An the tribuis they accorded win all in.

Yes, that hay men, obtainen, any wimming;
The red devite raised all their hay.
We contain the nothing to help leng.
Somy pard any mentaired em that.
We found one likely looking young creduc?
Lyin out from the rost of the hear.
She was dead, like the rest an Nellie
Lay close by her side—fast arbeep.

Wal, twas such since mile to the settlement Bill an inclusion the thing in our mina; An at has we concluded to keep her. An being her up loven an kind. We buried her poor dad on immuny, Likewise bit their onlicely mares. An we migrather Set after a weetheart My parallels once each in the States.

My para this once much in the States.
But the trumble we had with that young in
Was contecting antise future to select
full gave her up for a mystery to select
Likewise sine was too much for me.
Her durace durks we consider fact on right.
And we consed every built is an string;
But arrier a spell we did hetter.
When we come got the hang of the thing.

An'she growed me onto bert like an' bloomin'.
We take her to work evry day.
While full an one show a mixin' she'll story the rock pile in play.
An'she words better more of mixinh. Misa,
We don't also how my point mostre.
Canso we be working at some far Nollie.
The pride of my sold part an ide.

The Modern School Teacher. From the Chicago Tribune. Twas Saturday night, and a teacher sat Alone her task turning; She averaged that, Of all that her class one doing. She reckness presentage so many boys. And so many girls all counted. And marked all the tarty and absences. And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residence wrote in full,
Over many commons and pages.
Cannolan Tentanic, Arrent, Velf,
And myrraged all their special
The date of admission of every one,
And cases of flug-clatton;
And prepared a list of grainance.
For the county examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book, And her weary heart stil how or Per some of her populs had officerans, And she could not furned a new She sheet, the drawned, it seemed she died, And the source would follow. And the source would follow. State what they are control your grad, it

Agea had showed roll diskey.
Loweling bill ported browel.
And the loweling washed one day
In the old from big bloom.
A boomer of second washed one day
A boomer of second selected reports
Astronomical desired selected reports
As had not selected the selected as wide
As had not selected the selected as wide

As all on summaring within As buried her bours, And the ground was not then there exist a flar bours, and the ground was not the start start, and the ground was not the flar bours, and the start between the start of the start between the start start between the start between the start start

And say I thought, and the young M. D. —
"How easy the to kill the young M. D. —
"How easy the to kill the young M. D. —
"How easy the to kill the young M. D. —
"How case the to kill the young M. D. —
"He should currently sare, said Pat.
"He the better you can till the creature."
"Oh, we thing stronger, said the destroy, "that was a unreteenth century tencher."

NEW YORK'S OLDEST SCHOOL.

Where the Dutch Boys and Girls Conned their Lessons 250 Years Ago.

On the south side of West Twenty-ninth street, near Seventh avenue, stands athreestory building fifty feet wide in front and running back in a single wing to the rear of the two lots on which it is built. The edifice is of common brick, and has never been painted. There are two double and one triple window to each story, with semi-circular top sashes. The roof is sloping as if in memory of the heavy snows that a century ago would have broken down any ordinary flat house top. Over the door of this building is a white plate in the form of a shield bearing the following: School of the Collegiate Ref. Prot. Dutch Church et

the City of New York. Founded A. D. 1638, Erecte

This house is the home of by far the oldest ontinuous school in New York or in the Union. It is now in its 250th year, and will soon celebrate its quarter millennium. Though little spoken of in the busy city, the old Dutch school is by no means forgotten. It was founded in the spring of 1633, the year in which Wouter Von Twiller came over as Governor of New Amsterdam. When a special charter of "freedom and exemptions" was granted to the patroons by the West India Company, the settlers were not only obliged to satisfy the Indians for lands which they might take, but were to make prompt provision for the support of a minister and a schoolmaster, Nearly all

of a minister and a schoolmaster. Nearly all the settlers of New Amsterdam were, as is well known. Calvinistles, and education was, next to faith in the Syned of Dort.

In the roll of officers of the West India Company for service in New Amsterdam for 1633 we find Everardus Bogardus named as minister, and Adam Roelandsen as the first schoolmaster. This Adam of American Instructors gathered a few boys and began a school, using rooms wherever he could find them convenient. After six years of good service he wont to Renselearwyck and Jan Cornellesen become his successor. In 1642 efforts were made to build a school house, but the colonists were the poor and nothing came of it. Whenever school is spoken of in the early Dutch history of this city, reference is made solely to the official is apoken of in the early Dutch history of this city, reference is made solely to the official public school supported by the authorities and connected with the church, and all the school-masters were appointed by the West India Company. From the first organization of the Dutch school until 1808, its government was in the bands of the deacons of one or more of the Reformed Dutch churches. Under the Dutch Government no one could teach a private school without a license.

Cornellesen having died or resigned, William Vockens was appointed schoolmaster in 1659.

Dutch Government no one could teach a private school without a license.

Cornellesen having died or resigned, William Veskens was appointed schoolmaster in 1050, and he was succeeded two years later by Jan de la Montagne, who held the school in the old City Hall, at the head of Coenties slip. In 1563 New Amsterdam was incorporated as a city, Gov. Stuyvesant then relinquished to the burgo-masters the revenue coming from excise licenses on condition that they should pay out of it the salaries of "two ministers, one schoolmaster, and one dog whipper." But next year this favor was withdrawn, because the burgo-masters had paid only the dog whipper. Under the new city Government the schoolmaster, and visitor of the sick.

In 1655 Hannanus Van Hobooken was appointed the lifth successive schoolmaster. In 1656 the first census was taken, and showed a population of about 1,000, and 120 houses. In this year larger accommodations were provided for the school. Evert Pietersen became the sixth schoolmaster in 1661. Two years before a Latin school had been undertaken by Dr. Alexander Carolus Curtius, a native of Lithuania, He was not successful.

In 1664 a radical change came over the fortunes of New Amsterdam. It became an English province, and was renamed New York. But English rule did not materially interfere with the Dutch Church or school. Lord Combury, however, forty years later, made some trouble by fining and imprisoning Prestyjerians for preaching without ligeuse, and by breaking up certain schools on Long Island.

During these early years of English rule the succession of teachers in the Dutch school is not now known, and it is believed that the school was occasionally closed for short terms; but none of these interruptions were sufficiently protracted to be of serious account. In 1726 Barent De Forest was the schoolmaster. In 1748, when the cherished school was established somewhere near the Stuyvesant domain, in the Bowery, with Abraham De Lanoy as teacher. In 1746 Hubert Van Wagenen kent the principal school in a

chorister for the old and new churches, rosuming. It is, when the cherished selocol was a star one for the teacher—on the lower side of Gaden street (now Exchange place, 50 and 52, there the school) pursued its quict, useful way, for many years, having a new house bulls on the control of the many years, having a new house bulls on the control of the many years, having a new house bulls on the same school of the many years, having a new house bulls on the same school of the control of the Middle Datch Church. He had twelve free scholars, and his yearly pay was £12 198, and "one load of wood, 1755 John Micholas Welp was sent over from Holland as schoolmaster and chorister in the old church. The school was evidently growing, for he had twenty scholars on a salary of £29. The had twelve scholars on a salary of £29, and the changuage of stadiboders and burgomasters. But it was inevitable that this exclusiveness must be given up. All the young of the Dutch of their ancesters. Yet it was not until 1773, at the dawn of the Revolution, that the deacons consented to the innovation. In that year Peter Yan Steenburgh, who had been a successful were taught in both immunes, as was the case for many years after the War of Independence. During colonial rule several schools in the English language were taught in both immunes, as was the case for many years after the War of Independence. During colonial rule several schools in the English language was a was the case for many years after the War of Independence. During colonial rule several schools in the English language was seven to extend expressed in coloned pures us. As early as 1712 a free granimar achool was essentially the property of the Propagation of the Gespel. The well-known Rev. Whitam Vescy extablished a seriod expressed with the propagation of the Gespel. The well-known Rev. White the Prival and the seriod white the propagation of the Gespel. The coloned pure is strong to the seriod with the same many best of the school was closed, and the same many best of the sc